

The LEATHERNECK

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Five Cents

JOHN PHILIP SOUSA—AN INSTITUTION

John Philip Sousa, world famous composer and musician, founder of the United States Marine Band, and native of Washington, D. C., has molded an everlasting monument to his memory in every nation of the world.

By ALBERT F. SISSON, U. S. M. C.

Monuments are often erected to the memory of our great men—after they have ceased to dwell and work among us, but the greatest monument which any man can claim is that which he himself has carved out in the world by his own deeds and consecrated service to humanity, whether it be in the field of art, religion, or music. Leut. Com. John Philip Sousa, U. S. N. R. F., has molded an everlasting monument to his memory in every nation of the world—a monument which shall endure as long as his great marches, and other notable compositions, are played. What Marine has not felt a rejuvenating impulse as he steps to the tune of the "Stars and Stripes Forever" or "El Capitan"? "The March King," for he is known as such on every continent, has embodied his personality in his compositions, making of himself, as the "Etude" says, an institution world famed.

Commander Sousa was born November 6, 1854, in Washington, D. C., and soon showed prodigious ability along musical lines. This inclination, backed by his great ambition, made him a professional musician by the age of 11. At the age of 15 he was a teacher and by the time he reached the age of 17 was a director. Success, however, came slowly. Some of his marches, which yielded enormous sums to the publishers, were sold from \$5 to \$50 each.

October 2, 1868, at the age of 13, young Sousa enlisted in the Marine Corps, at



the Marine Barracks, Washington, D. C., as "Boy, to learn fife and drum." His father, Antonio Sousa, a member of the Marine Band, signed the papers giving his consent to the enlistment of his son. He served in the various grades of the famous organization, becoming its leader in 1880, which position he retained until 1892. Mr. Sousa is the man who laid the foundation for making the U. S. Marine Band the most famous military band in the world.

After leaving the Marine Corps, in 1892, Mr. Sousa organized his own band, with which he traveled to nearly every country of the earth, being acclaimed the world over, and becoming the most famous band leader of all time. It is said that on one occasion he had to write his name on the caps of several hundred girls. He began with John Philip Sousa, then abbreviated to John P. Sousa, then to J. P. Sousa, and finally wrote only Sousa.

During his world tours Mr. Sousa made the "Star Spangled Banner" famous all over the globe. This song, so familiar to every American, was written in 1814 and first called "The Defense of Fort McHenry" and was also once called "Adams and Liberty." Mr. Sousa relates one incident in the Ladies Home Journal:

"On the Czar's birthday in 1903 we were in St. Petersburg, and playing at the Cirque Cincielli, which corresponds

(Continued on page 16)

LETTER FROM JOHN PHILIP SOUSA

New York, N. Y.,

December 22, 1924.

After I left the Marine Corps, and just at the time Gen. Haywood had retired, I met him a number of times in this town. In fact, we had many dinner parties together, and, of course, the principal subject of conversation was the Corps, and one thing he said I shall never forget because it was a re-echo of my own belief, that was, "Once a Marine, always a Marine." Although I have had the honor of being in the Navy during the Late War, it is always a thrill to me when I meet a Marine battalion or a Marine guard, and I always feel that whatever they were, at that moment, being called upon to do, they were doing as good as human hearts and hands could do it.

I had fourteen years of service in the Marine Corps—fourteen years of pride with an organization that stands for everything that is best in military life.

Very sincerely,

(Signed)

JOHN PHILIP SOUSA.

PARRIS ISLAND HOLIDAY ACTIVITIES

Parris Island during the holidays just passed lived up to its highest expectations in the celebration of those holidays, as recorded by Chaplain L. D. Gottschall of that large Marine Post

The Christmas of 1924 on Parris Island will never be forgotten. The festival was opened in a very appropriate manner with a Christmas cantata, sung by forty voices. This was followed by the children's party. There were about one hundred and ninety children present and not one was forgotten by Santa Claus. Old Santa Claus's entrance was announced by the ringing of sleigh bells and the calling to his reindeers by name to stop at the Lyceum. He then came down the chimney and out through the fire-place, brushing the snow from his coat. After his greetings to the children, he walked over to the Christmas tree, the top of which almost touched the ceiling of the large auditorium and which was graced by a beautifully electrified star, representing the Star of Bethlehem. Underneath the tree were all the toys waiting to be distributed. Santa Claus, then, with his assistants, passed out the gifts, one to each child. There were dolls and doll coaches, beds, trunks, etc., for the girls; and drums, trumpets, skates, pen knives, wagons, etc., for the boys.

The decorating committee outdid itself. The flags, moss and beautiful fir trees caused one to feel as though they had been transplanted into a fairy land. The electrical effect was wonderful. All the lights were of different colors, which cast a beautiful glow over the other trimmings.

As the men came into the building they were handed a box of candy and cigarettes; each box bore a number, and the fifty lucky numbers were given prizes. The very atmosphere of the Island was all cheer.

The hospital wards were appropriately decorated. In the evening at the Red Cross Hut, Santa Claus came and distributed his gifts for the patients.

The Chapel was also beautifully decorated with moss and fir trees.

At the Receiving Station and Training Station, Santa Claus also found the men and gave them appropriate gifts. The food at the Training Station was up to its usual standard. The menu could not have been better and from the way the men ate we were sure they enjoyed every bit of it.

The Hostess House also looked pretty with its Christmas trees and other appropriate decorations.

On the evening of December 27 the personnel of the U. S. Naval Hospital at Parris Island gave a Masquerade Ball and Buffet Supper at the Red Cross Hut. The place was beautifully decorated and the costumes were unique. Prizes were awarded for the best costumes, which were as follows:

First prize (lady), Dress of 1876, awarded beautiful large basket of glass.

Second prize (lady), Harem costume, awarded small basket of glass.

Third prize (lady), Red Head, silver pencil.

First prize (man), Skating Boy, gold cuff links.

Second prize (man), Scottish Lad, belt with silver buckle.

Just at the height of the fun the lights were turned out and Santa Claus arrived with a number of colored balloons

on his back. He greeted all and proceeded to distribute his balloons. A colored spot-light was turned on Old Santa while he gave out his balloons, making a pretty effect. The dancing then went on and packages of confetti were given out and the guests amused themselves throwing it over each other. A very delicious buffet supper, including salads, sandwiches, crackers, ice cream, cake and coffee, was served. The dance was, without doubt, a big success and was enjoyed by all the guests.

Do you recall the lines of Tennyson—"Ring Out the Old, Ring In the New." Every locality has its own way of celebrating or carrying out those lines. Parris Island used the usual method that is in vogue among Marines by ending the Old Year and welcoming the New in a Grand Masquerade Ball.

The costumes at the ball were of various sorts, but all in keeping with the fine spirit of the Island. There were the maids from the early 1846 period and others of the 70's with their little bustle and small waist effect—girls from the Turkish Harem and those of the modern period. The gentlemen seemed to prefer the pirate costume and the Northwestern Patrol.

After the Grand March prizes were awarded, which were as follows:

First prize for the best costume—ladies \$25, gentlemen \$25.

Second prize, most original costume—ladies \$15, gentlemen \$15.

Third prize, funniest costume—ladies \$10, gentlemen \$10.

The Christmas decorations, which were still up, made a fine setting for the Ball.

At 11:55 a message from the Commanding General, Brig. Gen. Lee, was read. All responded to his greetings by applause and then pandemonium broke loose. Unannounced, a part of the field music blew their trumpets; another part of the band paraded through the Lyceum followed by the masqueraders. In long lines they danced and intermingled, one chain after the other, until it was a perfect mystic maze, and so they continued. It was an excellent program, and the committee is congratulated upon its success.

New Year's Day was celebrated by Holy Communion in the Chapel at Parris Island at 7:30, and Catholic Mass at 8:30, 10:30 divine services.

The Chaplain was assisted by the Rev. Mr. Burns, Methodist South, and Rev. Mr. Marshall, Episcopal, both of Beaufort. Also Rev. (Dr.) Clifford.

A large delegation of Beaufort people came over to worship with the Marines on this New Year's Day. The Cantata was rendered at 11 A. M. The people of Beaufort gave a rising vote of thanks to the people of Parris Island for the invitation to them to join in worship and to enjoy the cantata.

This shows an excellent spirit and we hope it will continue.

Col. and Mrs. Lyman entertained in honor of their son, Midshipman Charles Huntington Lyman, third, and Mrs. Lyman's sister, Miss B. P. Irvine, of

Pennsylvania, at a large Bridge and Mah Jongg party.

Lieut. and Mrs. Towner, of Quantico, visited Mrs. Towner's parents, Lieut. Col. and Mrs. Schwable.

Frank Schwable, Jr., who is attending Severns School, Boone, Md., visited his parents, Lieut. Col. and Mrs. Schwable.

Cpl. Presley Rixie and Miss Lillian Rixie spent the holidays with their parents, Lieut. Col. and Mrs. Rixie. Miss Lillian Rixie is attending school in Washington.

Lieut. and Mrs. Good, Jr., entertained Mrs. Good's parents, Capt. and Mrs. D. Garrison, U. S. N., retired. Capt. Garrison is Professor of Mathematics at St. John's College, Annapolis.

Lieut. and Mrs. Stuart entertained Mrs. Cross, Mrs. Stuart's mother.

Lieut. and Mrs. Lamson-Scribner entertained Annabelle Foster from Lake Charles, La. Miss Foster is Mrs. Scribner's sister.

Lieut. and Mrs. Nickelson, C. C., U. S. N., entertained their daughter, Edith, and Mrs. A. C. Cox, M. D., Mrs. Nickelson's mother. Miss Nickelson is attending school in Boston.

Lieut. and Mrs. Gardner, M. C., U. S. N., entertained Mrs. Gardner's parents, Dr. and Mrs. C. B. Vigus, of Melbourne, Fla.

Lieut. and Mrs. Cherbonnier entertained Lieut. Cherbonnier's mother, Mrs. R. N. Cherbonnier, from Baltimore.

Dr. Clifford was the guest of the Chaplain. He visited and spoke to the men of the East and West Wings, Receiving Ship and Main Station. We are always glad to have Dr. Clifford visit Parris Island. He has made many friends here.

Maj. and Mrs. Adams entertained Mrs. Charles Boskin from Canada.

J. S. K. Rixie, Midshipman, Naval Academy, Annapolis, Md., visited his parents, Lieut. Col. and Mrs. Rixie.

A detail of one hundred men, under the command of Capt. Geyer, left for San Diego.

Maj. White and Sgt. Mitchell left for Quantico and from there to Cuba.

Gen. Lee and family visited Mrs. Lee's parents in Pensacola, Fla.

Miss Josephine Dalton visited her parents in Fredericksburg, Va.

Miss Irene Byrd visited friends at Indian Head, Md.

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ATM

ON BOARD THE "PITTSBURGH" AT ATHENS, GREECE

After spending a delightful three days at the Island of Corfu weighed anchor for the City of Pireaus, Greece, arriving some two days later.

Liberty was not granted at Pireaus on account of the many refugees in that city, however, the historic old city of Athens is only a twenty-minute ride by train from Pireaus.

Athens impresses one as being a rather modern city for this part of the world. Traffic on the streets was very active and many American-made cars noted. Athens also was crowded with refugees from Constantinople, who had camped just outside the city. The Marines soon directed their footsteps toward the famous old Acropolis, and spent a long time among these historical ruins of the Parthenon. West of the Acropolis is located a hill on which stood the Areopagus, the highest court of ancient Athens, and so named from its situation on the hill of Ares (Mars). It was to this court that St. Paul was summoned and who took his text from the monument he found there erected to an unknown god. The ancient prison of Socrates is also located west of the Acropolis.

The President of Greece came on board the *Pittsburgh* at Athens and received a warm welcome from all on board.

A. R. MORFORD.

SAIL HO! THE "CLEVELAND" IS ONCE MORE ON THE HORIZON

Stroke! Stroke! Boat your oars. Here we are again still tied up to the United Fruit Company's dock at Puerto Castillo, Honduras.

Since the U. S. S. *Cleveland* was last represented in your paper, the Marine Detachment has been strengthened to a complement of 58 men. Second Lieut. J. A. Bemis and Second Lieut. R. H. Straub are in command and we are glad to say they are both athletes and both play on the Marine baseball teams. The Marines have two teams of their own and there sure is a clash when both teams meet on the diamond. Lieut. Bemis holds down the first sack in big league style, while Lieut. Straub can put as much "English" on a baseball as Willie Hoppe puts on a billiard ball. The ship has started a series of 28 games to decide the champion division of the ship. This will give the Gyrenes a chance to play one game with each division on the ship, and we hope to claim the championship at the end of the season.

After spending our overhauling period in Boston, we left the Navy Yard on November 1st enroute to Guantanamo Bay, Cuba. Arriving at the Bay on the 9th, we prepared to land the following morning on the sunny shores of Cuba. By noon the camp was almost con-

structed and before the day was over everyone felt quite at home with rudely constructed tables and seats. Then came the life. For almost two weeks we hiked to the range in the morning and devoted the afternoons in camp to swimming, letter writing, sleep, etc. There were always movie parties either at the Naval Station or the Marine Barracks on Fish Point every night. During our stay we witnessed a smoker given by the Scouting Fleet at the Naval Station. A good time was enjoyed by all (including the mosquitos). All during the smoker refreshments were served (also to the mosquitos). Nearly every weekday either Lieut. Bemis or Lieut. Straub take about twelve Marines out on sailing, fishing or swimming parties, while others go out to the ball diamond for practice. Good movies are enjoyed on the top side every night when it doesn't rain.

On Thursday night, December 18th, the *Cleveland* put over their first smoker this trip, and it was a great success, the Marines taking an active part in it, of course. The ship's orchestra opened the program with the ship's song and all hands joined in the chorus. Boxing and wrestling bouts followed with an occasional vaudeville act in between. When half the show had been put over, mess gear was sounded and an intermission of fifteen minutes granted during which sandwiches, doughnuts and coffee were served. The show was again resumed and at the close of the program everyone felt that the affair had been a tremendous success.

Christmas Day was observed without our seeing snow and Christmas trees. We had to be contented to gaze at the burning sand and the tall, slender coconut trees swaying in the light tropic breeze. Christmas morning started off with late reveille (the big event of the day). Breakfast followed, each man getting all the hash he wanted. The first event was a boat race between the First and Third Divisions of the ship. The distance was three miles. The First Division scored the victory by the close margin of about two boatlengths. Then followed a field meet held at the baseball field. Again the Marines did their stuff by having the most entries in all events and scoring the largest number of points. The meet came to a close at noon, and everyone returned to the ship for Christmas dinner. Liberty was granted to the crew from 1 to 5 in the afternoon. Christmas night the *Cleveland* staged its second successful smoker, the Marines scoring by contributing more talent than any other one division on the ship. The program was opened by sounding assembly. Several interesting bouts followed, containing enough pep and excitement to last a week. A fifteen-minute intermission followed during which time sandwiches, doughnuts and coffee were served. The committee had arranged a bout between two of

the darkest and heaviest men in Central America, namely Battling Bill and Battling Tigie, of Puerto Castillo. The bout was scheduled for four two-minute rounds, but the decision was awarded to Battling Tigie in the third round. The biggest event of the evening was an elimination contest or free-for-all fight open to all. There were five volunteers for this event, two out of the five being Marines. Each man was blindfolded and had one glove on his right hand. The gong sounded and the fun began. None of them knew who they were hitting, but they were just hitting as hard as they could. It was amusing when the two Marines bumped each other. For fully a minute they banged away at each other before another man bumped into them. The five dwindled down to two, one a Marine. They fought until they both became exhausted and it was declared a draw.

WALTER F. SELTMANN, JR.

THE CALL

The lure of travel in far-off lands,
Is a call that destiny oft demands.
I've answered the call, my journey's
through,

And soon I'll come sailing home to you.

With nights in Egypt, an Arab band,
The Sphinx and Pyramids so grand;
Saw them all, and they still remain,
Like the love within for you I claim.

Near a green pagoda beyond Bombay,
I tarried the night after heat of day.
A Hindu priestess passed me by,
I thought of you—do you wonder why?

Through Tokio's gardens gay, I rode,
Near temple walls made my abode;
With Fujiyama white on high,
Above the wind I heard your sigh.

On a Chinese bumboat near Shanghai,
Where the river flows and cormorants
fly,

The solitude gripped my very soul—
Regretting the days from you I stole.

In Naples, below grim Vesuvius' glow,
Came the strains of music—"O sol mio";
A romantic strain that filled my heart,
And lengthened the ages we've been
apart.

In Spain my journey brought me nigher,
At Seville my travels began to tire.
My stay in old Madrid was short,
To come to you was my last resort.

And merrie England, clean and green—
Was homelike, bringing thoughts so
keen;

And when the ship left Liverpool,
I then realized that I've been a fool.

—W. W. F.

Graduates of the Marine Corps Institute who return to civil life should have their diplomas framed and displayed in their places of business, so that any who are interested may see their qualifications.



ATM

MISS RAY C. SAWYER'S SERVICES WILL BE SERIOUSLY MISSED BY THE MARINE CORPS LEAGUE UPON HER RESIGNATION.

The Marine Corps League is to lose one of its founders and staunch supporters in the person of Miss Ray C. Sawyer, who has held the position of National Adjutant of the Marine Corps League since its inception.

In her letter to Maj. Gen. Lejeune, Miss Sawyer says that her work at the office and outside interests have grown to such proportions that she cannot devote the time and give justice to the important office. With 23 active Detachments in various parts of the country and many more in the course of formation—the Marine Corps League is now an assured success, and she hopes that those who have been so helpful to her in her work will continue to give that help and support to her successor.

The National Commandant upon receiving Miss Sawyer's letter of resignation advised as follows:

"It is with much surprise and deep regret that I read your letter of resignation as National Adjutant of the Marine Corps League.

"The League feels that your untiring efforts and constant attention have piloted it through the most uncertain moments; and to lose you now would have the same effect as a ship losing its captain. We could, of course, locate a substitute for you, but your loss would be so keenly felt that I am hesitating in accepting your resignation, with hopes that some of the details and more time taking features of your duties could be delegated to Maj. Fegan's office. . . ."

MR. RAYMOND L. WILL, NATIONAL PAYMASTER, TENDERS RESIGNATION FOR BUSINESS REASONS

Mr. Raymond L. Will, National Paymaster of the Marine Corps League, in a letter to the National Commandant of the League, Maj. Gen. John A. Lejeune,

has asked that his resignation as Paymaster be accepted, owing to the fact that he is soon to leave New York and will be unable to act in that capacity. The National Commandant, in a letter dated January 9, accepted Mr. Will's resignation, stating that he did so with deep regret. Mr. Will has had the honor of being the National Paymaster for over two years.

HON. EDWIN DENBY AND MR. ALFRED M. SAPERSTON INVITED TO SERVE AS VICE-COMMANDANT AND JUDGE ADVOCATE, RESPECTIVELY

The National Commandant recently invited the Hon. Edwin Denby, Detroit, Mich., and Mr. Alfred M. Saperston, Buffalo, N. Y., to serve as Vice Commandant and Judge Advocate respectively of the Marine Corps League.

QUOTATIONS ASKED ON NEW MARINE CORPS LEAGUE LAPEL BUTTON

Maj. J. C. Fegan, Chief of Staff, Marine Corps League, recently asked for quotations on a lapel button for members of the Marine Corps League. According to specifications submitted, the button is to be five-eighths of an inch in diameter and approximately one-sixteenth of an inch thick. The ornament (Globe, Anchor and Eagle) is to be surmounted, the balance of the emblem to be filled in with scarlet red enamel. The letters "Marine Corps League" should be even with the surface of the enamel plating, but the same metal as the ornament.

AKRON DETACHMENT TAKING ON NEW LIFE

The following is a brief report of business transacted at a meeting of the Akron Marine League, held at 7 P. M., Sunday, January 4, 1925:

The meeting was called to order by Sgt. Peter J. Schmid, and the following temporary officers elected:

Mr. M. H. Gardner, Commandant, B.

& O. Railroad Office, Akron, Ohio; Mr. Gordon Windsor, Paymaster, Lakemore, Ohio; Mr. Joseph E. Cox, Chairman, Entertainment Committee, 432 North Seventh Street, Barberton, Ohio; Mr. W. E. Spencer, Chairman, House Committee, 525 Wabash Avenue, Akron, Ohio; Mr. H. H. Lowry, Chairman, Finance Committee, 640 Rankin Avenue, Akron, Ohio.

A motion was made and carried to hold another meeting at this office on January 6, and for every member present to bring along not less than one ex-Marine for this meeting and as many more as possible.

ARE YOU SEMPER FIDELIS?

A coveted honor is to be a United States Marine or an ex-Marine. The whole world recognizes you as a man of power, ability and integrity, of good moral standing and the "Pinch Hitter" during an emergency or crisis. Hence "Semper Fidelis" or "Always Faithful" has been rightfully earned as our motto.

You who have been honorably discharged know that you still retain your sense of duty and Semper Fidelis to the Corps which you loved and in which you served. This loyalty cannot be shown in any better way than by affiliation with the Marine Corps League, by keeping fit and fresh for any emergency that might arise.

We are trained "Soldiers of the Sea" and our service to our country would be invaluable, scoring again as Semper Fidelis. The people of our great country expect this of us and surely we must harbor a vast amount of pride when we know we can meet the issue and can remain Semper Fidelis.

Your cooperation is needed to make the Marine Corps League a better organization, second to none.

Your age or your infirmities should not stand in the way of Semper Fidelis. Say and think as you say this:

I was Semper Fidelis,
I can be Semper Fidelis,
I am Semper Fidelis,
And I will be Semper Fidelis.

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WE AIM TO PLEASE

THE LEATHERNECK is trying to please all its readers. We know that such an effort is beyond human accomplishment, but it gives us the necessary stimulus to make our paper better and better. There are many different types of men in the Marine Corps, each of which is cast in a different mold, and is therefore liable to be amused, entertained, informed, or bored, as the case may be, with what he reads in these pages. The growing circulation of THE LEATHERNECK leads us to believe that we are pleasing the majority of our readers. When we think of the others, who we hope are in the minority, we are inclined to recall the statement of the editor of the Cleveland (N. Dak.) *Leader*, who wrote:

"The editor who can please everyone is not suited for this earth, but is entitled to wings. Human nature is so constituted that some of our readers would like to have us feed them on scandal; some would like to have us tell the unvarnished truth about them, while others would kill us if we did.

"Others feel so darn guilty they think every item on general meanness is a slap at them personally. This we cannot help; if the shoe fits, they may wear it for all we care. Our aim is to treat all respectfully and not advertise the bad faults of anyone. We all have our share. It is a comforting thought to us to know that the Lord Himself did not please everyone while on earth."

TO OUR NEW SUBSCRIBERS

We thank you for the hearty co-operation you have given us by subscribing to THE LEATHERNECK during our recent Holiday Subscription Drive.

Subscriptions have come in so rapidly that it required from one to two weeks for our Circulation Manager to get new stencils made and to get THE LEATHERNECK to its many new readers. We hope within another week to have our mailing list up to date.

THE EDITOR.



MANAGUA MARINES MAY NOT BE WITHDRAWN AS YET

In a recent edition of the *Washington Star* it was mentioned that the Marines would be ordered from Nicaragua by the end of January, 1925.

This statement has been modified in a subsequent issue of the same paper stating that the State Department had received requests from that Central American capital that the Marines be kept there a little longer.

To date no official information has been received from Headquarters regarding the disposition of the Managua Marines.

A board consisting of Maj. Joseph A. Rossell, Capt. Roy C. Swink, and First Lieut. Edwin J. Farrell and St. Julien R. Childs, has been detailed to meet this month at Marine barracks, Washington, to examine enlisted men for appointment as probationary Second Lieutenants in the Marine Corps. The following men, who have been preparing for the examination at the Marine Corps Institute at that place, have been authorized to appear before the board for examination: Gunnery Sgt. Theodore B. Millard, Staff Sgts. John J. Ahern and Matthew C. Horner, Sgts. Samuel S. Ballentine, and Corpls. Wilbur S. Brown, Milo R. Carroll, Donald N. Carpenter, David K. Claude, James P. Deveraux, Rudolph Dossett, James N. Driscoll, Charles L. Emerson, Albert L. Gardner, Homer L. Litzenger, Jr., Silvanus L. Marable, Fred C. Marringer, Samuel W. Marsh, Charles McDougall, Robert C. Harrison, and Floyd A. Stephenson.

The Recruiting District of Richmond, Richmond, Va., was abolished on December 31, 1924.

The District of Charlotte, with headquarters in the old Mint Building, Charlotte, N. C., was established as of January 1, 1925. The territory which comprised the Richmond District now belongs to the Recruiting District of Charlotte.

The District of Newark Recruiting of Newark, N. J., was abolished December 31, 1925, and the duties of the Newark District were taken up by the New York District.

The average strength of the Marine Corps during 1924 was 19,500, the total of which was authorized by Congress.

It is well to state that the desertions in the Marine Corps dropped in 1924. The desertions of 1924, 1,328 men. In 1923 the desertions were 1,850 men.

Don't forget to renew your subscription.

HEADQUARTERS TALK

GROWTH OF POST EXCHANGES

The subject of Post Exchanges in the Marine Corps, has been thoroughly elucidated upon in the following articles: In the *Marine Corps Gazette* for December, 1919, by Maj. H. S. Green, U. S. M. C., and in the *Marines Magazine* and *Indian* for July, 1920, by Maj. A. D. Rorex, U. S. M. C. Both are very interesting and instructive.

To quote from Maj. Green's article: "The Post Exchange of the present day is the outgrowth of the old Post Traders Store or Sutler's Store of the days when the service was young. In bygone days every military post or reservation had its post store, and its post trader did a general merchandise and banking business for the officers and men of the command. Usually goods could be purchased from the post trader slightly cheaper than from outside dealers, and in return for the privilege of locating in the reservation, a percentage of the profits was turned to the various messes for the benefit of the enlisted men. The post trader not only sold tobacco and merchandise, but also light wines and beer, and would lend money to those he could rely on, always, you may be sure, getting good interest on his loans."

In the Marine Corps, from as far in the past as the sixties, the post traders' store was known as the Post Canteen. Appointments as Post Trader were made as follows: The Post Council of Administration would recommend someone by name, the Commanding Officer would forward the recommendation to the Secretary of the Navy, via the Commandant of the Marine Corps, and the Secretary of the Navy would then appoint the person so recommended, or would return it disapproved. It was the custom to appoint as Post Traders Marine Barracks, the widows of former officers of the service, retired enlisted men, or members of families of former Marines.

During 1900, the Brigade Commander of the Marine Brigade in the Philippine Islands, authorized the establishment of Post Exchanges at the Marine Barracks, Cavite and Olongapo, respectively. These are the first post exchanges, as far as is known, in the Marine Corps. They were so successful that the Brigadier General Commandant of the Marine Corps recommended that every post in the Marine Corps be authorized to have a post exchange, in lieu of a Post Traders Store, so that the enlisted men might derive some advantage from the profits therefrom. The Assistant Secretary of the Navy on June 20, 1904, approved that recommendation. The change from Post Trader to Post Exchange was made slowly, only when a Post Trader quit, a new one would not be appointed, but a Post Exchange opened. By 1912 only two Post Traders were still doing business, at Mare Island, Calif., and Marine Barracks, Washington, D. C., and their appointments were terminated December 20, 1912, and December 12, 1912, respectively. From the time of the establishment of post exchanges in the Marine Corps, to December 31, 1919, the profits were given to the mess funds of the various

(Continued on page 16)

AROUND GALLEY FIRES

By "Doc" CLIFFORD,
Honorary Chaplain, U. S. M. C.

One of the most comforting thoughts to mothers and friends of service men is the knowledge that if their boy is sick, or through accident is incapacitated, the very best medical care and attention is given to him. Especially so is this the case for men of the Navy and Marine Corps.

When in Port au Prince some time ago I had the misfortune to eat some lobsters that did not treat me well, and for a week I was a not-very-patient, patient in the hospital. Never was I looked after and cared for better. Dr. Robertson and his staff, Nurse F. Crook, the other nurses and corpsmen were exceptionally kind. Result—out in a week from what would have been, under other circumstances, a two or three weeks' stay.

From Commander Reeves, down to the youngest attendant at Parris Island the same conditions are to be found. Everyone seems to realize that sickness needs sympathy. Not of the namby-pamby description, however, but of the real cheery character that makes a fellow feel immediately that he's going to get well and that though he is mighty bad, he might be in worse shape.

Lieut. Commander Chambers, the Post Surgeon in Quantico, also has a splendid staff of workers. Dr. Jenkins is the efficient executive officer, Dr. R. T. Cannon the specialist for diseases of the eye, ear and throat, is signally successful as an oculist. Dr. Cooper and his wife have this week left for duty in Cuba. Dr. Johnson, the Dental Surgeon, also does most excellent work. Miss Harkins is chief nurse with a really first class staff. In fact to meet the men and women, in any of these hospitals, who take care of our men, makes one feel that at any rate here are the folks who have really taken to heart the lovely lines:

"If I can stop one heart from breaking
I shall not live in vain;
If I can ease one life the aching
Or cool one aching pain—
Or help the fainting robin
Into his nest again,
I shall not live in vain."

Dr. Robins, whose magnificent attention to the men of the ALL-MARINE FOOTBALL TEAM, has been detached from duty at Quantico and has gone to sea. The Doctor's cheery smile and helpful assistance will be missed by everyone.

Do you want a good book to read? Are you needing a book of reference? Do you require to know what kind of book is likely to prove most helpful to you? If in Quantico you have only to consult Miss Dorothy C. Nunn, who for the last five months, with her kind attention, and unassuming manner has won her way to the hearts of the large number of men who visit the Post Library.

Mrs. Towle is still in charge at the Hostess House, but on January 5th the wellknown song and cheer leader, Dave Slayton, was appointed to render assistance.



"MERITORIOUS MAST"

The crew of the second motorboat of the U. S. S. *Arizona* were commended by the Commander-in-Chief for the prompt assistance rendered in a plane crash off the breakwater.

The *Arizona*'s boat was first to reach the scene of the accident and rushed the injured officers, Lieut. Com. Perkins and Lieut. Selby, to the *Colorado* for medical treatment.

That is the way to live up to the title of your paper, *At 'Em 'Arizona.*"

Franklin J. O'Neal, an electrician's mate on the U. S. S. *Wyoming*, was presented with a gold medal for saving a drowning man. O'Neal, a passenger on a New York ferry boat, plunged into the icy Hudson and rescued a man who had fallen overboard.

"On shipboard men go into danger without question; not because of special courage, but because of duty. A thing has to be done. Very well! They do it. You can't 'welsh' on your duty, can you? We talk about courage and loyalty and self-sacrifice and other virtues. But aren't they different aspects of one thing—DUTY?"

The above statement was made by Capt. Roston of the S. S. *Mauretania* is indicative of the spirit of duty permeating the American mariner both naval and merchant.

U. S. S. "OKLAHOMA" OUT IN FRONT AGAIN

The U. S. S. *Oklahoma* stands out in front again by sending in the largest number of annual memberships in the American Red Cross, and Chaplain Hester received the following letter of thanks from Mr. John Barton Payne, Chairman, American Red Cross:

MY DEAR CHAPLAIN HESTER:
It is a real pleasure to acknowledge your letter of November 21, containing a check for four hundred and fifteen dollars as fees for four hundred and fifteen annual memberships. This is the largest number of members sent in from a Navy ship to date.

May I express the sincere appreciation of the American Red Cross, not only for the membership, but also for your thoughtful and personal interest in our organization.

Cordially,
JOHN BARTON PAYNE,
Chairman.

ALL SECURE

By JOHN CULNAN,
U. S. M. C., '20-'24

HI WRIGHT PERRY

An Epic of the Fifth Marines

CANTO II.

Wonder what the gods were doing
To be sending us canoeing
From our haunts, as if pursuing
Some unalterable fate?

Those who saw us thus together
Stared as though they question whether
We could be of common feather—
Our unlikeness was so great.

He so frail and I so brawny;
He so dark and I so tawny;
I as war-like as a Shawnee—
He as gentle as the flowers.

This was it—at two-and-twenty
We had suffered laws aplenty,
And the dolce far niente
Scheme of life we marked for ours.

Principles of our existence;
Earn a moderate subsistence;
Idolize the god of distance,
And present a smiling face.

At the City of the Crescent,
Where the laughter is incessant
And the gods are acquiescent
To the spirit of the place.

Hi, forever sentimental,
Had a vision of a gentle
Damsel, pure and transcendental,
And I reckoned him as gone.

For I saw it was no flimsy
Dream, but an enduring whimsey,
As of Gogo and his Mimsey—
Strong enough to brave the dawn.

While our legal tender lasted
We drank hearty; then we fasted,
And beleaguered all the masted
Birds that nestled in the port.

Hunting for a salty billet—
Anything, so we might fill it,
From the scouring of a skillet
To the storming of a fort.

THE CANNY NEPHEW

Since Uncle did admonish me
But bairnies to adore,
Why should these nymphs astonish me?
Since Uncle did admonish me,
And threatened else to punish me,
These nymphs I'll not abhor—
Since Uncle did not admonish me
But bare knees to adore.

NURSERY RHYMES OF SECOND CHILDHOOD

1. Mother Hubbard's Nephew

Young Private McSwishin
Sent in a petition
Requesting a special discharge;
But in ranks, shortly after,
He burst into laughter,
And now he's a Prisoner-At-Large.

This is YOUR paper. Help us make it better.



MOST FAMOUS WAR-TIME HERO UNEARTHED BY LEATHERNECK CORRESPONDENT

PHINEAS K. BOG, LONG SOUGHT BY AUTHORITIES, DISCOVERED LIVING IN SECLUSION IN COUNTRY TOWN BY RELENTLESS SPECIAL STAFF WRITER

Hero, shunning popular plaudits and Congressional Medal, hides self in Virginia mud, living on berries and roots

(Special to the LEATHERNECK.)

Bigmud, Va., January 6, 1925.

Long sought by the authorities of the National Capital, the Federal Secret Service, and the Paris Police, Phineas K. Bog has come to life after a six years' silence. The story of this eccentric individual is as yet unpublished, due to the fact that he has long been considered dead, and would probably soon have passed away had it not been for the relentless efforts of a comparatively unknown newspaper correspondent, whose reportorial nose and newspaper sense was unsatisfied by recurrent rumors of his death in the Orient some years ago.

It will be remembered that shortly after the Armistice, efforts were made to discover the whereabouts of Bog, by reason of certain evidential facts which led it to be believed that he should be awarded a Congressional Medal of Honor for his services to the Allied Armies during the Great War.

The nature of these services has been kept a secret for the six years following the war, it being feared that should these facts become matters of common knowledge, his life would be in jeopardy from certain shady individuals whose activities are financed by foreign Intelligence Bureaus.

The Federal Secret Service, in cooperation with the Parsian Police, have long been on the trail of Phineas Bog, and several times it was thought that the net would close about him, but each time he eluded his pursuers at the last moment, and it was not until today that he was found hiding in the mountain fastness near Bigmud, Va., clothed only in a mosquito net, and eking out his subsistence with dogwood berries and sumac roots. His discovery being the direct result of the tireless efforts of our correspondent at Bigmud, hitherto an obscure space writer, but now elevated to the heights of fame by his remarkable discovery of Phineas K. Bog.

The story of Bog's life would require more space than is available in these columns. Suffice it to say that he is credited with the coup of having cornered the glass eye market during the war, and by reason of this financial operation, the Allies were enabled to supply to their suffering troops glass eyes at the market price of five dollars each, for the brown, grey and blue shades; green ones could be obtained as low as fifty cents each. Had not Bog accomplished the feat of digging out every glass eye available in the United States, it is well known that the glass

eye shortage would have brought the Allies to a point where further advance would have been impossible. It is a well known fact also that the manufacture of glass eyes ceased soon after the war began in 1914, due to the increase in the manufacture of medicine bottles, and the glass eye, always a luxury, became almost extinct, except for a few which were on exhibit at the Smithsonian Institute in Washington.

Phineas K. Bog, a struggling plumber, himself handicapped by the loss of an eye, replaced with one of crystal, saw the situation, and sank all his savings into the purchase of all available glass orbs in the States. He combed every pawn shop and antique dealer's between Maine and Texas, and in a few months was in a position to supply this commodity to the Allies at wholesale rates.

Mr. Bog, of course, did not lose on the transaction; he could not afford to. But then, a glass eye at five dollars is not to be sneezed at, as anyone who is seeing only half the things he should see will tell you. In a short time he had become a millionaire, but still hid himself in the caverns of Wall Street, divulging neither himself nor the nature of his business to a soul.

This philanthropist dealt in his unusual commodity in a most offhand manner. He would unload a truckful of glass eyes at the back door of his office, they would be wrapped in tissue paper like so many candy kisses, the paper twisted at each end, the wrapped eyes tossed carefully into a piano crate, and off they would go to some regiment on the fighting front, where hundreds of bloodstained and mudoaked poilus or Anzacs would be made happier by their arrival.

This unusual human never divulged his identity, even after the Armistice, and even when he was discovered by your correspondent gave his story with much reluctance. It seems that he lived in a never ceasing fear that he might have supplied eyes to certain individuals who had only half the usual supply of eyes, and who did not obtain an exact match. This fear has haunted Mr. Bog over six continents and seven seas, the relentless thought of having perhaps caused some poor soldier to go through life with one brown eye and one blue one.

Aside from the actual facts of his story, as set forth here, Mr. Bog made little comment on his career. When asked as to his present plans, Bog squirmed in an embarrassed manner,

traced patterns in the red clay with his bare big toe, and drawing a well worn glass eye from a fold in his tunic of netting, fondled it as he said: "I am an old man, and shall spend the rest of my life here in the great outdoors. The Congressional Medal of Honor is not for me, give it to some one more worthy of it than I am. It wouldn't look well on this mosquito net anyway. Aside from that, let me tell you something." Drawing your correspondent aside, and peering all about to make sure he was not overheard, Phineas K. Bog told me with tears in his one serviceable eye, while the other one peered fearfully off into the distance: "Lots of those eyes weren't no good anyhow; I tried 'em, and you couldn't see through 'em at all!"

"Do you think autos will ever be so cheap that everybody will have one?"

"I think that day will never come."

"Why?"

"Well, matches are cheap enough, but there are a lot of fellows who never seem to have one."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Trying To Put Them Hep

The Sergeant was drilling a few new arrivals at San Diego. Across the parade ground they marched, trying to keep in cadence with the explosive commands of the Sergeant. One of the recruits looked like a "total loss."

"Hep, hep, hep," said the Sergeant. "Watch that step, Hep, hep, hep, hep . . . Squad-d-d-d halt!"

The Sergeant fixed a cold, unsympathetic eye on the recruit. Under this searching scrutiny, the boot wilted.

"What's the matter, Sergeant?" he asked. "Don't I get the step?"

"Yes, you get the 'step,' but you don't get the 'hep,'" said the Sergeant. "And furthermore, some of you birds never will get hep as long as you're in the outfit."

ONE WILD NIGHT

A wild night on the Kansas coast,
(Let this one be on me)—
And here's the essence of a toast
To Soldiers of the Sea.

A wild night on the coast of Kansas,
(Here's a fizz—imbibe it)—
But it would take me twenty stanzas
Were I to describe it.

That night the Kansas coast was wild—
No lookout on the bow, sir;
But she and I were reconciled,
To what? It slips me now, sir.

The Kansas coast was wild that night,
(Here's to you, Daniel Daly,
For you have never lost a fight
With Springfield or shillaly!)

JOHN CULNAN.



Where Wisdom Is Vain

Old Timer says: "You may have been the town oracle before you shipped in this outfit. You may have been the 'chief cut-up' when you attended social affairs. You may have a trunkful of college diplomas. You may have had a following of friends who listened to your words of wisdom. You may have astonished your parents by your bright remarks on current topics. You may have written a couple of books, edited a newspaper, or won a dozen prizes for essays on the Cosmic Urge. BUT—when you are standing on the carpet in front of your top sergeant, and he insinuates that there is a large vacuum where your gray matter ought to be, for the love of Mike, play dumb, my boy, play dumb!"

The Wisdom of Red

Red Smiley, whose batting average rated high among the yarn spinners in the Marine Barracks, was telling a tale of his adventures in the sporting world.

"Best piece of luck I ever had," he said, "was when I was playing the ponies down in New Orleans a few years ago."

The sporting element gave Red their undivided attention as he proceeded:

"I looked over the dope sheet and picked Firefly for a sure winner. He was running with a lot of has-beens and he looked like the money puppy to me. I backed him with a roll of joy getters and I was full of confidence when he pranced up to the barrier."

"Then the fun began, eh Red?" chimed in a listener.

"It did, you know," Red continued. "Firefly started like a bullet out of a Springfield, ran straight as an arrow for a hundred yards, then suddenly executed an 'about face' and ran straight back over the starting line."

"Hard luck," said his audience in one breath.

"Hard luck, nothin!" said Red. "You see I was wise to that nag, so I played him both ways."

Nature Study

I like to watch the crocodile,
He's such a lazy chap.

And when his jaws break in a smile
They have an awful snap.

Not only strike while the iron is hot,
but make it hot by striking.

—OLIVER CROMWELL.

By HASH MARK

Proof Positive

Pvt. Bones: Your girl isn't much of a dancer, but she is very good at kissing.

Pvt. Jones: How do you know?

Pvt. Bones: I got it from her own lips.

Hot Dog

A steam roller rolled over a stray canine

And flattened him east and west;

He didn't have time to utter a whine,

For, no doubt, his pants were pressed.

—Brown Bull.

In the Good Old Days

Over their blue overcoats Marines wore capes, which flapped in the breeze and exposed a brilliant red lining.

Before Marines enlisted their mothers parked a lock of their hair in the family Bible.

Marines paid 35 cents for orchestra seats when they went to see "East Lynn" or "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

Marines wore stiff helmets with a spike sticking out of the top.

A popular liquid refreshment could be purchased by Leathernecks for 5 cents a schooner.

Each month the Paymaster dished out \$14.80 to buck privates.

Girls used to blush if you got a glimpse of their ankles when they stepped on a street car.

If you wanted to get an education, you had to pay for it.

There were no cross-word puzzles.

Try and Do It

A girl can be gay in a little coupe:

In a taxi cab she can be jolly,

But the girl worth while

Is the girl who can smile

When you take her home on a trolley.

—Yale Record.

All life is a school, a preparation, a purpose: nor can we pass current in a higher college, if we do not undergo the tedium of education in this lower one.

—Anonymous.

While the Band Played On

The Marine didn't like the girl, but to oblige his buddy he agreed to dance with her at the Post Dance. They were treading through the dreamy mazes of a waltz, when her partner noted the tell-tale crow's feet beneath her eyes.

"What did you say your age was?" asked the Marine.

"I didn't say," answered his partner, "but I've just reached twenty-two."

"Is it possible?" he returned. "What detained you?"

They danced quietly for a few moments, and then she remarked: "I understand the Marines on recruiting duty are men who were blinded in the war."

"Oh, no," he answered. "They have perfect eyesight."

"Indeed," said she. "Then how did they come to accept you?"

They danced indifferently for a few more moments, when the silence was once more broken by the Marine: "Your complexion is marvelous, I think."

"Yes," she admitted, "I get it from my mother."

"Does your mother own a drugstore?" he asked.

"Isn't that odd!" she exclaimed. "I was just thinking that you yourself must have some interest in a drugstore."

"What gave you that idea?"

"By the way your feet have been tramping on mine," she answered sweetly, "I was sure you were a press agent for Blue Jay Corn Plasters."

And the band played on.

Birds of a Feather

The wife of a Methodist minister in West Virginia has been married three times. Her maiden name was Partridge, her first husband was named Robins, her second husband Sparrow, the present Quale.

There are now two young Robins, one Sparrow and three Quales in the family. One grandfather was a Swan and another a Jay, but he's dead now and a Bird of Paradise. They live on Hawk Avenue, Eagleville, Canary Island, and the fellow who composed this is a liar, which is nothing to crow about.

Whatever trouble Adam had,

No man could make him sore

By saying, when he told a joke,

"I've heard that thing before."

—London Opinion.

REUBEN HALE, OF PINE DALE

My train for Pine Dale was not due to leave for another hour, so I hid my valise under a seat in the Broad Street Station waiting room and went outdoors to take a last, long look at the City of Brotherly Love.

It was my first visit to the city, but a new outfit of Kollege Klothos (a forty-five dollar value for which I paid eighteen dollars and a promise of secrecy), and a day's careful observation of city folks and their manners had quite obliterated from my appearance all traces of the country rustic that I must so recently have been. Indeed, so striking a figure was I that many a head was turned my way as I sauntered leisurely down the street. Not that I paid any attention to this silent compliment—not at all! I was thinking of the surprise I'd give the folks who would be gathered at the station up home, to meet the bi-weekly train from the great metropolis. Also, I was wondering what Pa would say because I was wearing my new High School Commencement suit a week ahead of time.

Just about then Fate stepped out of a doorway. He was dressed in a magnificent blue uniform, resplendent with glittering gold buttons, flaming, yellow chevrons, crimson trimmings, and snow-white belt. At last my boyhood dreams were realized! I had seen a real live Admiral! Or was he a General? Why, of course! This was the General who had come to clean up the wicked city of Philadelphia. I had read a whole column about him in the Pine Dale Weekly Gazette.

Why, he was speaking to me! What was it he was saying? It sounded like, "I've got a tent that is just the fit for him."

Bringing my two hundred fifty pounds to a snappy attention, I said, "I beg your pardon, sir?"

"Coming events cast their shadows before them," he evidently repeated. Then, seeing that I stood there still somewhat puzzled, he went on, "Oh, never mind me. I was just boniag-up on my M. C. I. English exam."

We started a conversation, and it did not take me long to discover that he was just as convincing a talker as some of the traveling men who visit Dad's store every year up home. It turned out that he wasn't a General at all, but a Recruiting Sergeant in the United States Marine Corps. He told me that Dad had the right idea about wanting to send me to college; "but," he said, "why pay money to go to Yale, when the Marine Corps will give you a college education and a chance to see the world, and pay you while you're getting it?"

"Would I get a uniform like yours?" I asked breathlessly.

"Why, of course! You won't get all the trimmings on it at first, but we'll send you to Parris Island and there you will get all the trimming you want."

He invited me into his office and introduced me to another Marine who was seated at a desk reading the Police Gazette. (The Marines are keeping close track of police activities in Philadelphia this year.)

He said, "Captain, this is Reuben Hale, from Pine Dale. Do you think we can make a Sergeant Major out of him? He is rather large for his size. It's too bad there is nobody home."



I BUY A NEW OUTFIT OF KOLLEGE KLOTHES

I was quick to set him at ease. "Oh, but you said that the doctor would be back almost any minute, and I don't mind waiting at least half an hour."

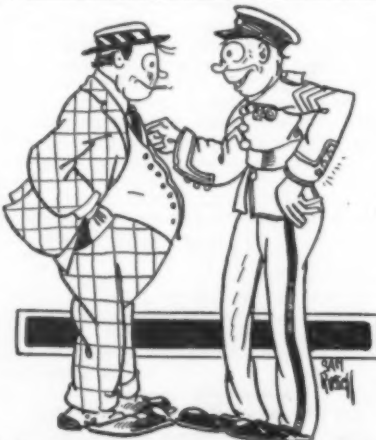
The doctor arrived in less than ten minutes. He told me to get undressed, and even insisted that I take off my underwear and socks. The Captain had just been telling me how important it was that a man come into the Marine Corps with a clean record. I began to suspect that they were carrying the idea of cleanliness a little too far. While I was wondering how I was going to get to the bath-room without my bath robe, the Sergeant told me to step upon a scale. The bar of the scale snapped up with a bang. The sliding weight was pushed to the very end and additional weights were suspended from the end of the bar.

"Well, you can't weigh over two hundred pounds," the Sergeant said. "One of the weights is missing."

Then he backed me up against a pole that had feet (linear) and inches marked on it, placed a hand on my head and brought a sliding bar to rest on top of his hand.

"Just the right height for two hundred pounds," he said.

The doctor then directed me to hop around the table twenty times on one leg (mine, not the table's). Just before I fell exhausted he clamped a radio outfit over my heart, evidently to catch its dying message. I told him how "Doc" Madden up home had got a message from Maw's that time she was taken



COMING EVENTS CAST THEIR SHADOWS BEFORE THEM, HE REPEATED

with pneumonia. He said it was funny he had never noticed an account of it in the Sunday Supplement. Then he gave me a queer look and dropped the Ingersoll he was holding to time my pulse.

For that I had to sort a whole box-full of different colored yarn that somehow or other had been hopelessly mixed. I sorted it all into two piles—green and red.

The next thing on the program was eavesdropping. The doctor stood at a fixed distance behind me and told me to repeat what he was saying while the Sergeant held each of my ears shut in turn. Without difficulty I repeated, "You're an awful sap. Gee, I didn't think he'd hear it! That will do. I guess your ears are all right, they're big enough."

Reading was next. I had to read rows of letters of varying size and arrangement held at a distance of twenty paces, while the Sergeant stuck his fingers in both of my eyes.

The examination was both physical and mental, both exhaustive and exhausting. I had to give a list of all the ailments I had had, back to teething and colic. I furnished my autobiography in detail, and traced my family tree back to the deluge. (Like William Jennings Bryan, I am a staunch supporter of grape juice and the Biblical theory of evolution, as opposed to the Darwinian theory.)

By the time my examination was completed, my train was well on its way to Pine Dale. I went out to the corner drug store (after dressing, of course), and sent the folks a post-card telling them of the wonderful opportunity I had just accepted. "My next letter will be mailed to you from Parris Island," I wrote. "Just think how wonderful it will be to have your son write letters to you from a foreign country!"

And thus the story ends, but does a story ever end with its conclusion?

The following letter was received the other day by the Editor-in-Chief, who feels that such generous and outspoken enthusiasm cannot be passed by:

Subject: Request.

Dear Colonel: I am a Marine and I would like to have a few lines published in THE LEATHERNECK. I enlisted in the Marine Corps October 22, 1923, and I am very glad that I have enlisted in the U. S. Marine Corps. I am in the Aviation Division now and like it very well. I am going to school, and the whole Detachment gets liberty every night. I go home every night, as my home is only two blocks away. I've got a good reputation in my old home town and everybody was glad to see me when I got back, and, say, I sure strut my stuff with the old girls. They are sure falling hard for me. I went hunting last week and killed six squirrels and three rabbits. I always have a good time and it doesn't cost me anything. I don't even get a chance to pay my transportation, as I can walk home in five minutes. I am also a M. C. I. student and will graduate soon. I am going to stay in this post till May. The Aviation Detachment is getting along fine. We get paid twice a month and everybody goes to Chicago to have a good time, and they sure get it."

"(From a Leatherneck—Mickey D., Pvt., U. S. M. C., Marine Aviation Detachment, Great Lakes, Ill.)"

JOKE



Think This Over

The chaplain was describing a place reputed to be much hotter than Haiti. "Men," he said, "you've seen molten iron running out of a furnace, haven't you? It comes out white hot, sizzling and hissing. Well, they use that stuff for ice cream in Hades."

The returned Afro-American was discussing the war with his home town neighbors.

"Yas, suh!" he announced. "Dem Guhmans has got guns dat'll shoot twenty-fi' miles."

"Huh?" asked Brother Jackson, skeptically.

"Yas, suh!" replied the ex-soldier. "Dey not on'y shoot twenty-fi' miles, but dey kill at twenty-fi' miles."

"Great Lawzy!" gasped Jackson. "Nigger'd run all day an' git killed 'bout supper-time, wouldn't he?"—SELECTED.

"Hi, there! Don't spit on the floor!"
"Smatter? Floor leak?"

—Chaparral.

Passerby—"Can I help you? I can tell you a bit about this make of car."

Motorist in Trouble—"Well, keep it to yourself; there are ladies present."

—Passing Show.

Rookie Sentry—"Who goes there?"

Timid Voice—"No-nobody."

Rookie Sentry (to himself)—"That's funny, I'd have sworn I heard some one there."

—Lampoon.

Doc—"Open your mouth, stick out your tongue!"

Patient—"A-a-a-a-h!"

Doc—"Flat feet, chief."

—The Pennsylvania Keystone.

Farmer—"I see you have reduced the fine for speeding from \$10 to \$5."

Country Judge—"Yes; the cusses were beginning to slow up."—Boston Transcript.

Freshman—"What's the difference between vision and sight?"

Senior—"Well, you can flatter a girl by calling her a vision, but never call her a sight."—Laurentian.

Housewife—"I'll not give you anything. Do you know who I am?"

Tramp—"No, mum."

Housewife—"Well, I'm a policeman's wife, and if my husband were here he would take you quickly."

Tramp—"I believe yer, mum. Your husband 'ud take anybody."—SELECTED.

She (impatiently)—"We'll be sure to miss the first act. We've been waiting a good many minutes for that mother of mine."

He (tartly)—"Hours, I should say."

She (joyfully)—"Ours? Oh, George, this is so sudden!"—SELECTED.

The German mark is so low Scotchmen are tipping waiters with 'em.

"Why the toothbrush on your lapel?"

"That's my class pin, I was graduated from Colgate."—The Atomizer.

In Boston—"Is this the lodge room?"

"No, indeed; the next room is so much lodger."

Fond mother—Yes, John is such a good boy. You know he is taking a medical course and he is working so hard, it even affects his sleep. Why the other night I heard him say in his sleep: "Let me get to work. For heck's sake, gimme those bones."—The Flashlight.

A WORD TO THE WISE

You Devildogs whose cruise is nearly ended,
Lay aft to hear a word of good advice;
Your line of breeze must presently be mended
Or you will get the mitten filled with ice.

Don't ask your Dad to "turn the table 'round";
Don't say "Ja-Moch"—they call it coffee now;
I mentioned "sea-dust" once, and Mother frowned
(To make it worse, I crossed my Uncle's bow.)

If you crave "red-lead," call it by the name
Civilians give it; same applies to "punk";
While "corn-starch pudding" may sound rather tame,
You'd better call it that or you'll be sunk.

There's this about it, though—if you should find
This change of lingo too severe a strain,
Don't be discouraged—you can ease your mind
By shipping for Cavite once again.

JOHN CULNAN.

Aunt—"Yes, Betty, with the New Thought one can accomplish anything. For instance I don't have to rouge! I simply think a flow of color into my cheeks."

Betty—Gracious! I'm glad I don't have such thoughts as those."

"Where do you wish to sit?" asked the usher. "Down," said the jolly tar.

GIMIK AND GADJET





AIM

EDUCATION AND THE MARINE CORPS

How many courses have you finished in the Marine Corps Institute? How much of an education have you at the present time? What is your duty status in the Marine Corps now? Have you any aspirations to rise higher? Ask yourself these few simple questions and then see whether or not you are giving yourself a "square deal." Are you?

A great deal of the enlisted personnel of our Corps today are laboring under the delusion that it is the man who has a "pull" or a "drag" who gets ahead, and not the one who possesses the better education. This is entirely wrong. It has been proven time and again by men you soldier with every day that it's the man who knows something who is going to be advanced, and not the "hand-shaker."

Men on the "outside" are paying large amounts of money every day to such worthy institutions as the International Correspondence Schools for something that you, as a Marine, are entitled to receive free.

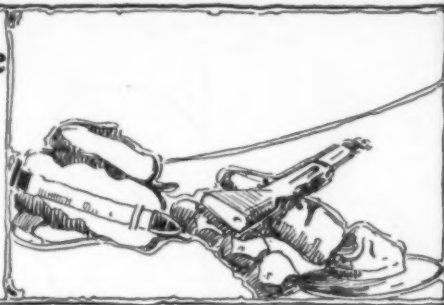
If you thought for one minute that someone was cheating you out of something that you were entitled to, or was "holding back" on you, you would be "sore" and try and get even. Do you realize that if you are not an active student in the Marine Corps Institute that you are cheating yourself? Are you going to get even with yourself?

Did you ever have an ambition to have a good education? Have you never had the chance to realize that ambition? Now is the greatest opportunity of your life. It has been said that opportunity knocks at your door but once. This is

WEEKLY REPORT Marine Corps Institute

JANUARY 10, 1925

Total number individuals enrolled...	7,655
Total number individuals enrolled since last report.....	191
Total number individuals disenrolled since last report.....	145
Number of examination papers received during week.....	1,243
Number of examination papers received during the year.....	1,544
Total number of graduates to date..	1,720



all wrong. It is knocking every day in the form of courses that are absolutely free.

Have you thought about the Warrant Officers' Preparatory Course, or if your ambitions are greater and your aspirations higher, about the Second Lieutenants' Course. Now is your chance to get a better education and *study* your way to the top of the ladder.

TED EDWARDS.

THE TRIGGER PULL

A wise man once said "AIM HIGH." He should have continued and added "SHOOT." The men who continually AIM to take a course and fail to shoot, stand small chance of hitting the bull's-eye in the form of a larger pay check.

The Marine Corps Institute can be likened unto a target with the diploma as the final score. Suppose you were on the range and had done all that the coach had instructed you to do; that is, lined your sights, stopped breathing, taken the slack out of the trigger and started to squeeze the trigger, then you dropped the rifle and said, "Oh, well, tomorrow will do. I'll aim again,"—very little chance of hitting the bull's-eye to get that extra pay.

Suppose you saw your bunkie AIMING HIGH at the diploma. He has, most important of all, pulled the trigger when he applied for his course, and is shooting the range for more money, either in the form of promotion here, or more money when he gets out of the service.

There is one certainty—if you want to keep step with him and out-shoot him you will have to stop AIMING and SHOOT.

THE MARINES' ALMA MATER

In years to come no doubt many Marines will look back upon the learning they gained through the M. C. I. with gratitude for the opportunities it gave them to advance themselves. Perhaps, like many college men, they will refer to the Institute as their Alma Mater, although this term may seem a little "high brow" for practical students, most of whom will be satisfied to call their school the Marine Corps Institute—and let it go at that. The term, Alma Mater, as applied to the colleges and universities where men receive their scholastic training, is of Roman Catholic origin. It originated in medieval times in the University of Bonn, Germany. Over the portal of that seat of learning stands a statue of the mother of Christ, known as the Alma Mater or beloved mother.

CATCHING UP WITH LIFE

In the annual report of the Surgeon General of The Public Health Service of the United States, it is pointed out that the average length of human life in the sixteenth century was estimated to be between 18 and 20 years. At the close of the eighteenth century, it was still less than 25 years, and as late as 1900, it was between 45 and 48 years. Comparing with these figures, the present average length of life estimated at 56 years in the United States, it is recalled that approximately 15 years has been added to our span of life in this country since 1870. At the present rate of increased years of life it will not be long perhaps before the "three score and ten" span referred to in the Bible will be an actuality.

SMOKED GLASSES

You will have to hold this before a looking-glass before you can read it:

OPPORTUNITY IS LOOKING YOU RIGHT IN THE FACE AND YOU CAN'T SEE IT!

Now take the opportunity the country offers you; grab it and hold on to it; FIGHT FOR IT because you have a right to it; get your share of it. Enroll for a useful course in the Marine Corps Institute and better yourself at the Government's expense. The country is investing money in you. Mail this slip and be a good investment instead of a gold brick.

THE MARINE CORPS INSTITUTE,
WASHINGTON, D. C.

I want to start studying _____
and I can't start too soon.

Rank and Name _____
Organization _____
Place _____

Wanted:—Superintendents Who Know How and Why

*Every general superintendent is looking for
competent superintendents and foremen*

"Superintendents who are ordinarily competent are easy to find, but every general superintendent knows how difficult it is to find the superior man," says General Superintendent Vere C. Sutton, of the Muncie Products Company, a subsidiary of the General Motors Corporation at Muncie, Ind.

"The superior man," continues Mr. Sutton, "not only will do his own work, and keep his own men working, but he will analyze his men and their work. He has more initiative than those working under him. He knows, where others may only suspect. He acts, while others wonder what to do.

"Wideawake superintendents understand that if they would not lose their jobs to somebody better equipped, they must study to stay where they are, and to go up higher."

Which is exactly what Frank Binder did. Forty foremen started on an equality with him in the three plants of the Muncie Products Company. Binder, not satisfied to be a good foreman, began to study, hoping that some day he would be something more than a foreman in charge of a small department. Always quick, his alertness of mind increased as did also his knowledge of the business of manufacturing automobile parts. He became something

more than a "practical man." Soon he knew, where others only suspected; he acted, while older men who had worked longer for the company wondered what to do. And today Frank Binder is Superintendent of Plant Number Two of the Muncie Products Company.

"The employer who enlightens his men by inducing them to study the problems of his business, not only makes for their greater happiness, but he profits financially as well, as do also his men," says General Superintendent Sutton. "He saves his company and its employees from many of the losses and injuries to mind and body traceable to ignorance."

Through the I. C. S., Frank Binder, Superintendent, and Vere C. Sutton, General Superintendent, profited as did also the Muncie Products Company. Others, looking within their own organization, can profit by sending in to the International Correspondence Schools at Scranton, the names of wideawake young men in their employ, and by personally encouraging them to engage in spare-time study. No obligation is involved. Simply give the prospective student's name and full address, state whether your name may be used in writing him (your name held in confidence if you desire), indicate the work he is now doing, and suggest the course in which he should be interested. Write today.

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☐ Gas Engine Operating
☐ CIVIL ENGINEER
☐ Surveying and Mapping
☐ MINE FOREMAN or ENGINEER
☐ STATIONARY ENGINEER
☐ Marine Engineer
☐ ARCHITECT
☐ Contractor and Builder
☐ Architectural Draftsman

☐ Concrete Builder
☐ Structural Engineer
☐ PLUMBING & HEATING
☐ Sheet-Metal Worker
☐ Textile Overseer or Superintendent
☐ CHEMIST
☐ Pharmacy
☐ BUSINESS MANAGEMENT
☐ SALESMANSHIP
☐ ADVERTISING
☐ Show-Card & Sign Painting
☐ Railroad Positions
☐ ILLUSTRATING
☐ Cartooning
☐ PRIVATE SECRETARY
☐ Business Correspondent
☐ BOOKKEEPER
☐ Stenographer & Typist

☐ Certified Public Accountant
☐ TRAFFIC MANAGER
☐ Cost Accountant
☐ Commercial Law
☐ GOOD ENGLISH
☐ Common School Subjects
☐ CIVIL SERVICE
☐ Railway Mail Clerk
☐ AUTOMOBILES
☐ Mathematics
☐ Navigation
☐ AGRICULTURE
☐ Poultry Raising
☐ Airplane Engines
☐ Spanish
☐ Banking

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City..... State.....

Occupation..... Employed by.....

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Major General John A. Lejeune,
Commandant.

Officers last commissioned in the
grades indicated:

Col. F. E. Evans.
Lieut. Col. J. J. Meade.
Maj. D. L. S. Brewster.
Capt. L. B. Reagan.
First Lieut. F. S. Chappelle.

Officers last to make number in
the grades indicated:

Col. H. R. Lay.
Lieut. Col. R. B. Creecy.
Maj. J. R. Gray.
Capt. R. H. Pepper.
First Lieut. J. G. Clausing.

RECENT ORDERS

January 6, 1925

No orders announced.

January 7, 1925

Capt. J. Jackson, detached M. B.,
Quantico, Va., to M. B., Parris
Island, S. C.

January 8, 1925

No orders announced.

January 9, 1925

Capt. William P. Richards, detached
M. D., A. L., Peking, China, to M.
D., U. S. S. *Huron*.

First Lieut. Edward A. Craig, de-
tached M. D., A. L., Peking, China,
to M. D., U. S. S. *Huron*.

Second Lieut. Franklin C. Hall, de-
tached M. C. B., San Diego, Calif.,
to M. B., Washington, D. C.

January 10, 1925

The following named Second Lieuten-
ants have been detached from the sta-
tions given after their names and ordered
to the Marine Barracks, Navy Yard,
Philadelphia, Pa.: Perry K. Smith, M. B.,
Quantico, Va.; Donald G. Willis, M. B.,
Quantico, Va.; Henry P. Stevens, M. B.,
Quantico, Va.; LePage Cronmiller, Jr.,
M. B., Quantico, Va.; John Grove, M. B.,
Quantico, Va.; Robert B. Payne, M. B.,
Quantico, Va.; Thomas J. McQuade, M.
B., Quantico, Va.; Tilghman H. Saun-
ders, M. B., Quantico, Va.; Edwin G.
Ferguson, M. B., Quantico, Va.; William
V. Calhoun, M. C. R., M. B., Quantico,
Va.; Paul A. Curtis, M. B., N. Yd., Nor-
folk, Va.; Robert J. Mumford, M. B.,
N. Yd., Norfolk, Va.; Lewis B. Puller,
M. B., N. Yd., Norfolk, Va.; Raymond
A. Anderson, M. B., N. Yd., Norfolk, Va.;
Alexander W. Kreiser, M. B., N. Yd.,
Norfolk, Va.; Floyd M. Fletcher, M. B.,
N. Yd., Norfolk, Va.; Earl A. Thomas,
M. B., N. Yd., Norfolk, Va.; Theodore
Blanchard, M. B., N. Yd., New York,

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sions, Jr., M. B., N. Yd., New York, N.
Y.; Walter H. French, M. B., N. Yd.,
Washington, D. C.; George H. Bellinger,
Jr., M. B., N. Yd., Washington, D. C.;
Alan T. Hunt, M. B., N. Yd., Boston,
Mass.; Herbert P. Becker, M. B., N. T.
S., Newport, R. I.

January 12, 1925

No orders announced.

REENLISTMENTS

Roit, Adolph, San Francisco, 12-17-24,
for M. B., San Diego.
Rubio, Epitacia, Los Angeles, 12-15-24,
for M. B., N. Yd., Mare Island.
Smith, Fred, Los Angeles, 12-15-24,
for M. B., San Diego.
Cain, Ambrose J., Seattle, 12-17-24,
for M. B., N. Yd., Mare Island.
English, Thomas M., Seattle, 12-16-24,
for M. B., N. Yd., Puget Sound.
Logan, Frank, Portland, Oreg.,
12-17-24, for M. B., San Diego.
Mofield, Walter S., 12-22-24, at and
for M. B., N. Yd., Charleston.
Frank, George P., 12-20-24, at and
for M. B., Parris Island.
Loflin, Gilbert H., Cumberland, 12-22-
24, for M. B., N. Yd., Washington, D. C.
Gillette, Jasper J., Des Moines, 12-20-
24, for M. B., San Diego.
Mechling, Robert A., 12-20-24, at and
for M. B., Quantico.
Rhinesmith, Samuel, 12-20-24, at and
for M. B., Quantico.
Campbell, Walter, Washington, D. C.
12-19-24, for M. B., Key West, Fla.
Cruse, John E., Indianapolis, 12-15-
24, for M. B., Annapolis, Md.
Otte, George C., Indianapolis, 12-16-
24, for M. B., Parris Island.
Ashley, Julian M., Memphis, 12-19-24,
for Recruiting Duty, Denver.
Cooper, George B., Dallas, 12-18-24,
for M. B., San Diego.
Clayton, Samuel, San Francisco, 12-
15-24, for M. B., San Diego.
Rawding, Freddie, Los Angeles, 12-
12-24, for M. B., San Diego.
Pruce, John C., San Francisco, 12-15-
24, for M. B., Mare Island.

Beeg, Adolph E., Washington, D. C.,
12-5-24, for Headquarters, Marine
Corps.

Marsh, Joseph, at Baltimore, 12-16-24,
for M. B., Annapolis.

Baker, Joseph M., at San Francisco,
12-29-24, for M. B., San Diego.

Chamberland, Van L., at San Fran-
cisco, 12-30-24, for M. B., Puget Sound.

Ross, Austin J., at San Francisco, 12-
30-24, for M. B., Mare Island.

Churchill, Ambrose F., at Indian
Head, 1-3-25, for M. B., Indian Head,
Md.

Cooper, William E., Jr., 1-3-25, at and
for M. B., Quantico.

Friend, Eugene E., at Washington,
D. C., 12-29-24, for M. B., Hampton
Roads, Va.

Fitzgerald, Glendell L., at Quantico,
12-29-24, for M. B., Quantico, Va.

Holzworth, Walter, at New York, 12-
29-24, for West Coast.

Lyman, Noah M., at San Francisco,
12-27-24, for M. B., Mare Island.

Pollock, Joseph E., at San Diego, 12-
23-24, for M. B., San Diego.

Filipowicz, Joseph D., at Cleveland,
12-29-24, for M. B., Quantico.

Harpley, William F., at Akron, 12-30-
24, for M. B., Quantico.

Porter, David R., at Boston, 12-29-24,
for M. B., Boston.

Johnson, Carl H., at Minneapolis, 12-
24-24, for M. B., Quantico.

Kauffman, Frank, at Chicago, 12-19-
24, for M. B., Puget Sound.

Sasges, Martin, at Chicago, 12-24-24,
for M. B., Mare Island.

Stone, Richard J., at Chicago, 12-24-
24, for Recruiting Duty, Chicago.

Jones, Edgar J., at Memphis, 12-29-
24, for Recruiting Duty, Memphis.

Bodner, Steve, at Los Angeles, 12-23-
24, for M. B., Mare Island.

Reynolds, Howard E., at San Diego,
12-12-24, for M. B., San Diego.

Stout, Hershel H., at San Diego, 12-
19-24, for M. B., San Diego.

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DEATH OF FIRST SGT. MICHAEL E. RYAN, U. S. S. "WYOMING"

First Sgt. Michael Edward Ryan, a veteran of the Marine Corps with more than twenty-five years' active service, died January 2, 1925, at New York City, N. Y., while on authorized leave of absence from the U. S. S. *Wyoming*, to which he had been attached since July, 1923. He was born August 23, 1870, at Dublin, Ireland, and first enlisted in the Marine Corps July 19, 1900, from Baltimore, Md.

First Sgt. Ryan served continuously in the Marine Corps since the above date and saw service in Cuba in 1906 and 1913, Vera Cruz, Mexico in 1914, Republic of Haiti in 1915, Philippine Islands in 1902 and 1903, and in France during the World War from July 3, 1917, and served with credit in all of the engagements participated in by Marine Corps units in France with the exception of the last engagement.

In accordance with his expressed wish made prior to his death and the wishes of his sister, Mrs. Norah Hyland, 17 Killarney Street, Dublin, Ireland, and his intimate friends, Mr. and Mrs. Martin Keough, 125 E Street, Southeast, Washington, D. C., interment was made in the Arlington National Cemetery at 10:30 a. m., Thursday, January 8, 1925.

DECEASED

First Sgt. Michael E. Ryan, Marine Detachment, U. S. S. *Wyoming*, died on Friday, January 2, 1925. First Sgt. Ryan first enlisted in the U. S. Army in 1898 and enlisted in the Marine Corps in 1900, and has served with the Corps continuously since that time.

Chamberland, Antonio, Private, died December 2, 1924, of disease, at Washington, D. C. Next of kin: Mr. Ferdinand Chamberland, father, Edmundston, New Brunswick, Canada.

Day, Edward H., Private (first class), died December 26, 1924, at Peking, China. Next of kin: Mr. Clarence M. Day, father, 20 Hancock Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Lindsey, Harold O., Private (first class), died December 9, 1924, of disease, at Quantico, Va. Next of kin: Mr. Frank H. Lindsey, brother, South Athol, Mass.

Netzly, James P., Private (first class), died December 7, 1924, of disease, at Norfolk, Va. Next of kin: Mr. G. W. Netzly, father, R. F. D. No. 2, Massillon, Ohio.

Silkwood, Earl T., Private, died December 8, 1924, at Mare Island, Calif. Next of kin: Mr. A. D. Silkwood, father, 5926½ Pasadena Avenue, Los Angeles, Calif.

Miller, Peter, Sergeant Major (retired), died December 11, 1924, at Boston, Mass. Next of kin: Mrs. Mary C. Miller, widow, 1249 B Street S. E., Washington, D. C.

TENTATIVE SAILINGS OF NAVAL TRANSPORTS

U. S. S. *Henderson*—from Quantico to West Coast, March 7.

U. S. S. *Sirius*—from Hampton Roads to West Coast, March 15.

U. S. S. *Henderson*—Honolulu to East Coast, May 1.

U. S. S. *Henderson*—from Annapolis to Honolulu, June 4.

U. S. S. *Henderson*—from Hampton

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Managua, Nicaragua, M. B., A. L.
New London, Conn., M. B., Sub.
Norfolk, Va., M. B., N. Yd.
Base
Peking, China, M. D., A. L.
Pensacola, Fla., M. B., N. A. S.

Port au Prince, Haiti, Ob. Sqdn.
No. 2
Portsmouth, N. H., M. B., N. Yd.
Quantico, Va., M. B.
San Diego, Calif., M. B., N. A. S.
San Diego, Calif., R. S., M. D. B.
Washington, D. C., M. B., 8th and
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Washington, D. C., M. B., N. Yd.
Yorktown, Va., M. B., N. M. D.



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**ALLIGATOR
RAINCOAT**

Roads to West Indies, January 7.

U. S. S. *Beaufort*—Hampton Roads to West Indies, January 20.

U. S. S. *Kittery*—from Hampton Roads to West Indies, February 11.

U. S. S. *Kittery*—from Hampton Roads to West Indies, March 25.

U. S. S. *Chaumont*—from San Francisco to Manila, March 1.

U. S. S. *Brazos*—from Boston to Beaumont, January 14.

U. S. S. *Sapelo*—from Hampton Roads to Canal Zone, February 10.

"DISGRACE TO SERVICE" WEEKS SAYS OF MATERIAL IN ARMY UNIFORMS

Uniforms that were "a disgrace to the service" were worn by soldiers on the streets of the National Capital when the body of President Harding was taken from the Capitol to the station en route for Marion, Ohio, Secretary Weeks testified before the appropriations committee, which reported the Army supply bill to the House.

"I do not think I ever found out where those Army men came from, but I was positively ashamed," said the War Secretary. "I looked across the street at the Marines, and then turned and looked at our men. The Marines wore deep-blue uniforms. It was a most humiliating thing, and it hurt the enlisted men of the Army."

Secretary Weeks was explaining the sale of Army uniform material. During the war, he said, there were as many varieties of color in Army uniforms "as there were in Joseph's coat," and the point had been reached where the men "seriously objected to some of the shoddy material they were wearing."

"When a man who contemplates enlisting comes along and sees the Marines in their neat blue uniform, and our men in their shoddy uniform, he is going into the Marine Corps," said Mr. Weeks.

One member of the committee asked whether the materials could not have been used in civilian training camps and the R. O. T. C.

"They objected most of all," replied the Secretary. "The training camps of the National Guard were loudest in the protests against the cloth," which he explained resulted from the war, when materials had to be obtained at once.

—Washington "Star."

GROWTH OF POST EXCHANGES

(Continued from page 6)

organizations, also to athletics and amusements; since that date it has all gone to athletics and amusements.

It is the policy of our Post Exchanges to carry such tobacco, cigarettes, cigars, candies, improved shaving devices, creams, lotions and toilet water, and such other articles as there is a demand for at that particular post. It has been noticed that the requirements of the men located at the various posts are vastly different; for example, a man who smokes one brand of cigarettes at one post, will, when transferred to some other post, find that some other brand is having the larger sale, try that kind, like it and continue to smoke it. It is also the policy of Marine Corps Exchanges to order, on request, any article that is not carried in stock. The Post Exchange at Parris Island is the regular agent for the Dodge Motors Co.,

for men in the service only, and is doing very well with it.

JOHN PHILIP SOUSA

(Continued from page 1)

in size and character to our New York Hippodrome. Before the performance I was waited upon by the secretary of the prefect of the city, who requested that I open my performance with the Russian national anthem. 'And,' said he, 'if it meets with a demonstration, will you kindly repeat it?' I said I would. 'And,' he continued, 'if it meets with a further demonstration, will you repeat it again?' I said I would repeat it just so long as a majority of the audience applauded.

"The audience consisted almost entirely of members of the nobility and the military, with their wives, sweethearts, sons and daughters. At the playing of the first note the entire audience arose, and every man, almost all in uniform, came to a salute. At the end of the anthem there was great applause and I was compelled to play the air three times before the audience was satisfied.

"On retiring to my dressing room at the end of the first part of the performance I was visited by a secretary, who told me it was the wish of the prefect that I begin the second part of my program with the national anthem of America. Of course, I readily agreed.

"Before we began our second part a tall Russian announced to the public the name and character of the words of 'The Star Spangled Banner,' and I have never heard more sincere and lasting applause for any musical number than that which greeted our national anthem. We were compelled to repeat it no less than four times, with everyone in the vast hall standing and the military men holding hands to their caps in the attitude of salute; and I am sure that no body of musicians ever played a piece with more dignity and spirit than we did the 'Star Spangled Banner' in the capital of the then Russian Empire."

During the World War Mr. Sousa served in the Navy as a bandmaster, with the rank of Lieutenant, and today holds the rank of Lieutenant Commander in the Naval Reserve Force.

Mr. Sousa is a real artist, through and through, and composes with the utmost care and exactness, often writing the words as well as the music of his compositions. He abhors "canned music" and automatic musical devices. In writing his marches, which are the best ever produced, he says: "I picture to myself the glitter of the gun and swords, and tread of the feet to the drum beat, and all that is grand and glorious to military scenes."

There has been a story circulated the world over that "SO" are the initials of his name and "USA" his country. This idea, originated by his press agent, has become a great advertisement. In Germany it is said that he is Sam Ogden, who was born on the Rhine, and who came to America with his trunk marked S. O., U. S. A., hence the name, but the English say he is Som Ogen, born in Yorkshire, who emigrated to America with his trunk marked as above.

Mr. Sousa has made a success both in music and literature, for his books, including numerous magazine articles, which he has written with the same degree of precision and care as characterize his musical compositions, are well

known and widely read. His operas include "The Smugglers," "Desiree," "Queen of Hearts," "El Capitan," "The Bride Elect," "The Charlatan," and "Cris and the Wonderful Lamp." Among his most famous marches are: "Washington Post," "Liberty Bell" and "Stars and Stripes Forever."

Mr. Sousa's decorations include the Victorian Order (England); Palms of the Academy and Officer Public Instruction (France); and Great Diploma of Honor, Academy of Hainault (Belgium); all of which evidence his standing in the realm of music throughout the world.

Mr. Sousa resides on the North Shore of Long Island, where he has a marvelous home. One room, as described in the "Etude," is a "veritable museum of trophies which he has won in trapshooting events in all parts of America." Trapshooting is his favorite pastime and he has become a noted expert in this sport.

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